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Young Love



young

love

romance

56 2 6

Chapter 1 by Stella

It's hard to describe the feeling. I mean I could never fully explain what it feels like to be in love. When I see him my body tingles. When he smiles, his dimples appear, and I fall in love every time. His laugh rings loud and clear, and lasts a thousand years. His eyes water when he yawns, making his lovely, pale, brown eyes the colour of the wet sand on the beach. Each freckle on his nose, is a piece of the puzzle that makes him a masterpiece. His perfect, dirty blonde hair. When his shoulders and arms tense again, and again, I can't help but love them even more. The way his face scrunches when he makes a mistake.

He laughs, he cries, and he's human, and it's so hard to believe he has flaws. It's unbelievable how beautiful a person can become when you accept them for who they are. There is no other way to describe how much I love him, and how much I want him to love me back.

Chapter 2 by SuperFolder Ghostbuster



But cupid found a way. He always does.

Chapter 3 by 154.-.



We were at a party. He was so popular, how could he not have been? We were both sober, the party wasn't really worth it. He was sitting beside the pool, watching everyone spin around him. My eyes were fixed on him, his dimples. His skin was lit up by the lights hung up on the trees. A

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I was the only one to notice, the only one to come after him. I panicked, diving into the pool. I was lost for a moment. The dark sky seemed to have changed position. I reached out, blindly grasping for his arm. He was reaching out as well. Our hands clasped, and despite the terrifying waters around us I managed to smile a little, before pulling him back to fresh air.

He didn't let go of me for the rest of the night. That was the weakest and kindest I saw him, and I loved him. Looking back, I should have let him drown. But for the first few months, our relationship was the only thing that felt worth it to me. I would still do anything to see him one last time.

"Why didn't you defend yourself?" I asked gently, drying him off. He hadn't wanted to let go of my hand.

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